EDITED BY
E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS B-875

UNDINISM

A STUDY OF A BIZARRE BUT NOT UNNATURAL ECCENTRICITY INVOLVING A SEXUAL INTEREST IN URINE, URINATION, SEEING OTHERS URINATE, ETC.

By D. O. CAULDWELL, M. D., Sc. D.

UNDINISM

A STUDY OF A BIZARRE BUT NOT UNNATURAL ECCENTRICITY INVOLVING A SEXUAL INTEREST IN URINE, URINATION, SEEING OTHERS URINATE, ETC.

By D. O. CAULDWELL, M. D., Sc. D.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
GIRARD, KANSAS

Copyright, 1950,
By E. Haldeman-Julius

Printed in the United States of America

INTRODUCTION

Undinism is an unfamiliar word. Quite a few undinists have written me of their undinism without realizing that the eccentricity had any specific categorical name. Others have asked why I did not write a book on the subject.

A number of the booklets I have written for Haldeman-Julius Publications have contained references to, and descriptions of, undinistic practices. They were not referred to by their categorical tag.

Should you turn to your dictionary, medical or otherwise, for a definition of undinism you might meet with disappointment. The word derives, in part, from the Latin *undina* which means a water-sprite. In medicine *undine* refers to a glass flask used for irrigating the conjunctiva. *Unda* means a wave. It also is interpreted as water. We speak of land covered by water as undulated. We also speak of the undulations of hilly or rolling terrain—which is to say that it is wavy. Sometimes we speak of the undulating tones of music or the undulating movements of a dancer —specifically, a female dancer.

One Undine was of a class of fabled female water spirits. (Sprite means spirit or ghost.) It was believed that such spirits could receive human souls by intermarrying with mortals.

"Undine" is the title of a book, a romance, written in 1814, by De la Motte Fouque. The heroine was Undine, and as an elemental water sprite was a changeling in a fisherman's hut. Sir Hulbrand fell in love with, and married, Undine. He then became enamoured of Lady Bertalda and this led to neglect of his wife. So—Undine was taken away by her sisters of the sea and on the day of Sir Hulbrand's wedding to Lady Bertalda, Undine returned and gave him a fatal kiss.

Havelock Ellis gave the name, undinism, to what Dr. Norman Haire, dean of British sexologists, refers to simply as a sexual interest in urination. The interest extends to urine as well as to urination.

In a recent issue of *Sexology* (New York) an editorial blurb referred to undinism as a "sexual deviation—one of the tendencies which most of humanity experiences in childhood, but later on grows out of."

Sexology said, "If it recurs in adulthood it may have distressing effects on others, not so affected." I should say here that the condition sometimes is persistent and hence there is a continuation and not a recurrence.

Personally I do not regard undinism as a sexual deviation. I regard it as an eccentricity and as a natural, biologic component of such sexual integration as may be present in affected individuals. It may be that in adulthood we are greater deviates than we are in childhood. We learn to dislike so many things or to be repulsed by them because we are taught to be repulsed. Many things are disgusting to us because we were taught to experience disgust.

There may be many others who, like myself, find no interest of a personal nature in undinism yet who are tolerant of those who find such an interest, but who are repulsed by some of its facets by reason of natural causes.

I do not recall that I was taught to regard the odor of dried urine unpleasant, nor do I remember having been taught that the odor given off by the skunk is unpleasant. Such odors reacted on my olfactory sense in a way that displeased me. I'm sure that this is true of a great many other people.

There are undinists who dislike the odor of urine, in either its fresh, or its dried state.

In some of my booklets I have mentioned that there are men who

are impotent when they cannot smell dried urine. One industrious couple who were having a vacation called on me years ago complaining of impotency on the part of the husband. They were young—in their early 30's, and this was their first real vacation since the time of their marriage and subsequent honeymoon.

These people were compatible and deeply in love. Their children were with a grandmother who was thoroughly trustworthy in their care. They were not worried in the least except on account of the husband's impotency and the wife's mental desire which was rather devoid of physical response.

Such cases may stump the experienced sexologist. At the time I was experienced—but only to an extent. And, being anxious to help my patients as well as to learn something, I determined to cultivate them and in this way to learn, if possible, just what was wrong. The third day of their consultations I invited them to go on a round of country calls with me. It pleased them to accept. At one place I called them in to see a baby I had delivered a week previously. It was just one of those gestures meant to relieve boredom because this was the first call I'd made on which it would have been propitious to have invited them into a patient's house. They stood with their bodies touching. Suddenly the man whispered that his wife needed comfort and did not want to use the back-house convenience afforded at the place where we were. I told him to take my car and drive down the road.

When the couple returned I had finished my work. They sounded the horn and I went out to the car. They looked flushed and happy. At once the man said, "Doctor, I suddenly became potent and my wife became excited. I suppose we were just having a sexual rest decreed by nature." I didn't believe it but let it go at that. They were back in five days looking dejected. The wife informed me, "It hasn't been again since the day we were with you."

At about that same time I was testing (and using with rather good results) an irregular form of treatment known by some as *auto-therapy*; also *auto-biochemic-therapy*. It consisted in using the patient's urine by slowly evaporating it, using an infinitesimal quantity of the end product, rendering this sterile, diluting it to a suitable potency (usually in normal salt solution) and giving it according to certain indications by intramuscular injection. My laboratory for this, on account of the odor, and for other sanitary reasons, was a shed-room of a garage in the rear of my offices. The shed-room was one of two small rooms built onto a garage large enough to care for the cars of the regular occupants of the place. The other shed room was occupied by a man I knew and esteemed. He had a cot, a chair and a table in the place. I apologized to him for the odors I created but he smiled and said I'd had the room I used first and that anyway he probably had sinus trouble of some kind and never noticed anything unpleasant. (I later learned that he was an undinist.)

I took my patients out to show them this rather unusual laboratory. Again they became intensely excited. My shed-room neighbor had gone away for a few days leaving his key with me. I kept it in my lab. The key was given the couple and when they returned to my office to give me the key and finish their consultation they were again flushed and contented although somewhat embarrassed—a manifestation I had not observed on the previous occasion.

I definitely established that they were affected by the odor of the urine. They admitted that two of their children were victims of enuresis and that keeping their beds free of the effects of their condition was a problem they had not overcome.

They tried again without the odor of urine and, as before, they failed. During the rest of their vacation they kept a sponge which had been saturated with urine (and which they continued to saturate) where it would be convenient when the effects of the odor it harbored might be desired.

In undinism, however, odor does not play either the essential, or the interesting part brought about by

other categorical manifestations of the eccentricity.

One physician I knew was a urine fetisher. A bachelor whose ambitions to become a member of the priesthood had been thwarted, he had an apartment adjoining his office and, when not the guest of patients or friends, prepared his own meals. He asked every patient for a specimen of urine and usually made a chemical analysis of a small part of the sample. He kept the rest in his apartment and threw out a few of the samples now and then when it became imperative for him to do this in order to make room for other samples. During an illness making it necessary for me to attend him in his apartment I learned of his eccentricity. He was a urine fetisher.

Undinists who may be said to trip the light fantastic are those who are voyeurs of a kind rather than those who are fetishists. Their experiences rarely are bizarre but are, on the contrary, sometimes extremely interesting in their facets which present an inoffensive eccentricity. Peepers, on the other hand, themselves have some thrilling experiences. Their practices sometimes mitigate seriously to their disadvantage and to the displeasure of a society which prefers to enjoy the rights of individual privacy.

Interesting and inoffensive aspects of undinism are discovered and practiced by numerous happily married couples.

Surprisingly, some sound psychology and instructive philosophy is found in the case histories and personal stories of undinists who attend their own practices exclusively and avoid any chance of offending society.

The data in this book have been selected with extreme care and should prove remarkably enlightening to people who aren't in the least undinistically inclined as well as to people who are so inclined but who are puzzled about their inclinations.

The text of the book deals with the scientific aspects of undinism and the psychology of the human animal. It explains the natural undinistic practices of some lower animals.

UNDINISM IN CHILDHOOD

One among the first practices involving childhood sex play is marked by an undinistic interest. Children invariably show an interest in the urinary practices and habits of one another. A three-year-old girl who observed a two-year-old boy who was clad only in a waist that stopped at his navel got the idea that the urine came from the little boy's scrotum. When he had finished urinating she decided something was wrong and tried to squeeze the little fellow's scrotum empty. His crying frightened her. He appeared to be frightened no less than his kindly disposed playmate. The trouble was not understood until the girl explained, "His peepee didn't empty and I tried to squeeze it dry."

As a small boy in school I frequently entered contests to see who could send the urinary stream the farthest. One tomboy of a girl always joined these contests if she was anywhere near. To our chagrin she often beat the best of us. I remember sexual excitement on my part on two or three occasions when I tried the practice in the presence of a small group of girls. It was extremely difficult to start the urinary stream and I was on the verge of being disqualified when the stream started. One of the girls who boasted having won contests with her brothers developed a prompt respect for my prowess. What she didn't know was that but for the erection I'd have come out considerably behind.

On another occasion soon after I entered school I was, with several other boys, chagrined when, like some of the others, I tried to prove that I could urinate into an airtight bottle. Not only did all of us fail and lose our wagers of soft drinks, gum, candy, etc., but we were surprised in our efforts by a considerably older man. All of us thought he'd try to embarrass us by broadcasting the occurrence because he was quite a jokester. He never mentioned it. He must have had an undinistic interest and was no more anxious for the occasion to be mentioned than we were.

As I developed toward puberty I was sexually excited when I observed a female in the act of urinating but I believe it was the sight, at that time, of the female genitals that was responsible for my stimulation.

The fact of Havelock Ellis' having been personally interested in undinism has been well enough known since the publication of his autobiography which did not occur until after his death. Dr. Norman Haire has expressed the opinion that Dr. Ellis was desirous of placing emphasis on his normality and of minimizing his undinistic interest. I have attributed the apparent attitude of Havelock Ellis in the matter to his style of writing. Dr. Ellis detailed two occasions in his early childhood when his mother urinated in his presence. It is my opinion that he could readily have described other occasions but that he felt this unnecessary as a means of carrying his point.

One of my patients who slept with his mother until he was ready to go to school told me that his mother's habits were none too clean and that he'd often observed her when she stood to urinate. Watching the process excited him but he could not recall having had erections as a result. The odor of his mother's genital combined with the odor of urine clinging to the hairs of the region excited him when he was in bed. The odor of the bed often was enough to excite him to erection and he usually had had this excitement, had masturbated and was asleep when his mother came to

bed. As a rule she was out of bed when he awoke in the morning and had he not awakened during the night once in a while he would never have known that he and his mother slept in the same bed. When this man was mature and married he was impotent. His marriage was annulled for that reason. He knew that he had been impotent with prostitutes and that he'd failed to experience sexual excitement when petting desirable girls but he could not understand his impotence in marriage. I treated the man for a condition remote from impotence. He was in my office when another male patient remarked that the odor of the female axillary region was enough to make him potent at any time. This patient was silent until the other one had gone. He then said that he was not surprised to hear such an assertion and that the genital odor, combined with the odor of urine excited him as nothing else could excite him. He could be sexually stimulated by observing a female in the act of urination, or, in the dark, by hearing the sound of micturation when the act was performed over a vessel. He had become potent and happily married when by chance he had encountered a willing woman whose body had the favored odor.

This involves sexual osphresiology (or sex and smell) almost as much as it does undinism. Without the undinistic practices, however, there would be no osphresiological effects.

Children engage in such undinistic practices as drawing pictures in the spot they wet by micturating. Sometimes they bake mud pies of the soil or clay they have made into a mortar with urine. Following an old superstition they spit into their urine (or on the spot where they urinate) for good luck.

Children sometimes play a game of catching one another off guard and the one so caught is wet by a few drops of urine before he springs to his defense and gives chase. These games nearly always have some form of sexual significance.

Women have told me that when they were children and played the family game they thought their "old men" should urinate on the female's genitals. This was according to what they considered the intimate embrace from their minor observations of the antics of their parents when, of course, children weren't supposed to be looking. One female patient remembered distinctly that her mother had urinated on her father after which they engaged in coitus. She had a hard time finding a boy "play-husband" who'd agree for her to urinate on him. When she succeeded the boy thought it was only make-believe and agreed. She urinated on him. He didn't like it and gave her a sound thumping for her pleasure.

The practices of adult undinists are sometimes but embellishments of the undinistic practices engaged in more or less universally by children.

What Is the Reason for Undinism?

As a rule we look for the cause or causes of conditions affecting people in sickness and in health. It is the scientific practice to try to determine the cause of disease. It would be a blunder to look for the cause of undinism because undinism is natural. We ask, therefore, what is the reason for undinism?

The reason evidently first gives evidence of itself as a result of the same natural curiosity which is involved in the curiosity and investigativeness of the infant which leads it to learn about the world in which it lives. It is as inherent and normal (modal) as the curiosity without which we might learn but little. Idiots show an extremely low curiosity quotient.

The lower animals who are inoffensive to themselves manifest a far more powerful interest in undinism than humans. I've known dogs (specifically of the male sex) who developed urinary difficulties when they failed to find a place where either they, or others of their kind, or even man or some other animal had urinated.

Dogs are readily housebroken by being taught to urinate on paper or some protective material. I've known dogs to suffer intensely when left closed too long in a house while their owners were away. A

man who had kept a small bulldog mascot with him for years during extensive travels persuaded the management of an exclusive hotel to allow him to keep the mascot with him during his stay. I met the man when he consulted me about doing some insurance examinations for his firm. One night he called me and asked if I'd come to the hotel at once. When I arrived he apologized for having asked me to take a veterinary call but his mascot was sick and he treated the mascot as well as he did himself. The dog could not urinate.

In that section of the city dogs were not allowed to be walked or to run at large. Evidently not even a human or an animal had urinated on any spot in the vicinity. I was well aware of this. The mascot had been smuggled past police in a covered cage and into the hotel by permission. He had been walked in the private court of the hotel. He had not urinated for hours and was whining pitifully.

I'd never tried to catheterize a dog and indeed had never given a thought to the kind of a catheter needed. I surmised a small, stiff instrument would be required. But in desperation I suggested that a veterinarian be called. The man listened to the whining of his mascot and appealed to me. "Please, Doctor. He might not be sympathetic. Please do something if you can." I went to the bathroom but could not detect an odor of urine in the commode. It came to my mind that the kitchen force probably used an open urinal in the basement or near the kitchen. We wrapped the mascot in his blanket as at least a gesture toward hiding him and took him down six flights of steps. We found an open urinal. For a minute or two the animal was still. He had been placed near the urinal. Presently he wobbled to the trough, investigated its odor and urinated. It must have taken him 15 minutes to complete the act.

There is, as may be observed from the foregoing, a basic characteristic in animals which leads to various forms of undinistic expression. The reason for undinism is as natural as the reason for anything in the field of biology.

Anyone who has observed the actions of domestic animals must have been impressed with a sense of realization of basic undinistic traits. During the Hitler regime daring enemies encouraged female canines in heat to urinate on a quantity of flour. This was made into a paste and in this form was plastered at the base, and across the bottom of one of the familiar huge poster pictures of der fuehrer. What the undinistic and other sexual tendencies of the male dogs of the locality did to that picture made history.

It is my firm belief that unprejudiced people who are made aware of the various facets of undinism in man and in the lower animals will not regard it as an aberration nor undinists as aberrants.

The Voyeuristic Undinist

In my "Voyeurism—How It Manifests Itself," I explained that voyeurism involves seeing and liking what one sees in its sexual connotation. The voyeuristic undinist derives a form of sexual stimulation (which incidentally may be a form of sexual gratification) from seeing others micturate. The heterosexual voyeuristic undinist enjoys seeing members of the opposite sex engaged in micturating while the homosexual in the same undinistic category delights in seeing members of his own sex in the act of urinating. The bisexual with an undinistic interest, if he has strong voyeuristic tendencies, derives pleasure from seeing members of either sex passing water. There are undinists who are thoroughly heterosexual who, by reason of their inclinations toward voyeurism, find pleasure in observing the urinary act regardless as to whether it is performed by an individual (human) of either sex or by an animal.

One of my readers of far above the average intelligence wrote me concerning the futility of punishment. He said that when he was a small boy he derived pleasure from seeing his female playmates in the act of passing water. "It was not a

matter of seeing the female sexual organ," he wrote, "but a matter of seeing the urine as it left the body. The little girls who weren't careless as to how they exposed themselves could be teased into urinating. They sometimes accommodated for small favors. Some of the girls who were older would exhibit themselves if they thought they could tease you or if you acted as if you didn't want to see. I learned how to manage them. I could make them exhibit and then I'd taunt them by betting they couldn't urinate and I would not be convinced unless they allowed me to see to be sure they urinated and weren't fooling me. As a general rule there were wagers. They thought I lost a lot but they had no idea what I gained." This reader said he never lost or outgrew the interest.

"Today," he wrote, "my interest is as strong as ever. It may be what you sexologists and some others class an aberration, but if it is I've never permitted it to do harm on my part. It has never been a desire of mine to peep. There would be no pleasure for me if the woman did not know that I was watching.

"Once when I was a boy I arranged for some girls to urinate for me and some other boys. The girls were on an embankment above us boys and our view was perfect, but just when the act was at its height the father of one of the little girls sweeped down on us boys and you should have seen the scattering. He caught two of the boys but he could not hold them and cuff them at the same time. The result was that while he tried to hold one of the boys with his legs and cuff the other. the boy being held urinated and him. When he let go to see what was happening both boys got away. They were flogged by their parents. If my mother ever knew of it (and I suspect she did) I didn't hear a word from her about it. My father said flogging was futile and that he'd done the same thing and so had the other fathers involved. He thought that they evidently had forgotten it or that it made a difference whose daughters were concerned.

"Punishment is futile. I've never observed that basic desires can be changed by it and I know that the boys who were flogged became more secretive. They probably had few chances to indulge their undinistic desires."

This correspondent was one among the first to suggest that I write about undinism. He sent me several newspaper clippings of police events in his locality and gave me the information that the undercurrent in these was the voyeuristic type of undinism. He knew about the undercurrent. One young woman had been arrested for disorderly conduct and for turning in a false fire alarm. The news story said she had exhibited anatomy it was forbidden to expose in public. My correspondent had a different explanation. "The girl had had a drink or two and wanted to urinate. It was 2 o'clock in the morning and the streets were deserted. Her two male companions (who are well known to me) wanted to see her urinate. She wasn't averse to accommodating. But just as she was in the act a police prowl car came around the corner and spot-lighted her. Ashamed for them to know just what she was doing she exhibited herself and then braced against a fire-alarm box. Setting off the alarm was purely accidental but the whole affair got her into a mess of trouble and gave her a lot of unfavorable publicity. The newspapers laid off after I went to a city editor and told him the truth."

A woman correspondent wrote pleading with me to convince her husband that she wasn't a pervert of any kind. She had been married before and her life with her first husband had been compatible. She derived stimulation for the intimate act by holding her husband's genital while he urinated. Her present husband thought she was a pervert because she sought this simple pleasure. He wasn't convinced by what I wrote. The woman quit him. She wrote, "I didn't quit him because he wouldn't indulge me in my pleasure but because he was an unqualified fool." I quite agree that a man who would object to such a harmless pleasure on the part of his wife, or would regard his wife as a

pervert because of her natural desire, would not be apt to be a good husband under any circumstances.

One couple of my acquaintance were divorced because the wife objected to her husband's desire to look at her exposed genital organ and because she discovered that on a number of occasions he had peeped on her during her response to that particular biological urge which causes one to empty the bladder. The benevolent fellow who wouldn't have harmed a mouse admitted to cruelty of which he was incapable. And the judge, incapable of guessing a hint of truth, was astounded. He said he was convinced that we never know what cruelty lurks behind a mien of perfect benevolence. In granting the woman a divorce he delivered such an eloquent lecture to the allegedly cruel husband that news interest was created. His lecture was quoted by newspapers throughout the country. What a difference truth could have made!

The voyeuristic facets of undinism present interesting quirks of the personality to those interested in a study of the behavior of mankind. Some of these facets will be revealed and explained later.

Undinism and the Effects of Sound

People who haven't the slightest idea that they are undinists of a kind may be surprised to learn that if they have ever been sexually excited or intrigued by hearing the sound of urine being made into a vessel they have undinistic traits.

When I was a boy our home was equipped with the pull-chain overhead water-tank type of sanitary convenience. The walls were thick and the doors were solid. The flushing of the commode was about the only sound that could be heard by one who was outside the bathroom. Travel was slower in those days and when relatives and friends visited at any distance it was the custom to stay over night and perhaps a day or two. When my family made such visits once in a while it often was to see relatives who lived in the country or in the small country towns. The homes we visited seldom were equipped with such sanitary conveniences as we enjoyed at home and it was rare that the walls between rooms (called partitions in the common parlance of the day) were thick or that doors between rooms were kept closed. If one remained awake for a while he was sure to hear sounds, here and there in the house, as someone arose and made water into the common pots which were standard bedroom equipment.

Sound must have had its charms for the elders, for I frequently heard other sounds after having listened to those of urination and I was aware that elsewhere *connubial felicita* was taking place.

Children, I have noticed, often are more observant than their elders. I could practically place the age category of a person by listening to the sounds made by urine being voided into a respectable night-mug. I could also distinguish the sex of the individual who was in the act of obtaining relief. It wasn't unusual for me to become sexually excited when I heard girls in my age bracket urinating into those vessels about which there was so much timidity at the time of their purchase. But, looking back, I believe it was the thought processes stimulated by the sounds that resulted in the excitation rather than the sound of the urine, or the fact that urine was being made. The sound of urine being made in to a vessel is sufficient to stir the imagination of initiates as well as of neophytes.

Today it is amusing to listen to the pot calling the kettle black and this happens when the ever-so-sedate, by accusing others of aberrations, give the impression that they are negating their own natural integrity.

One of my male patients lost patience with me. He was impotent and he wanted a remedy. He had the idea that doctors who couldn't write prescriptions "guaranteed" to make a man potent within minutes of taking the magical stuff, weren't any good anyway. I told the man that his impotence was purely psychological. He wouldn't believe it. I'd served his family well on several

serious occasions, but when I declined to prescribe Spanish fly (because he'd heard that would work) and when I insisted that his trouble was psychic, he went away and told people he wouldn't have me with a sick horse.

Several months later I saw my former patient and he told me he'd gotten all right without treatment. He was quite friendly and had moved to a ranch well out in the country. One night in mid-winter he called me to one of his children with croup. After the child had been relieved we sat by a pot-bellied heater and drank coffee. What the man had said about me didn't matter. I'd always known people who called their beloved personal physicians horse-doctors. Some of the people reminded me of horses—fine horses, thoroughbreds, old plugs and common scrubs. My friend smilingly told me that since the day he'd moved into the house his potency had been great. I asked if he understood it. He supposed it was a difference in the country air, the water, and healthier habits than he'd followed in town. Soon after that I heard little feet against the floor in a room down the hall and the familiar sound of urine passing into a vessel. I asked, "Tell me—did that sound in the quiet of the night ever excite you sexually?" The man was silent. He fed the heater, lit his pipe, poured more coffee, and then settled down. "I hadn't given it a thought," he said, "but now that you mention it, it almost always did to a greater or lesser extent." Further questioning brought out the fact that in town the commode had always been used. The man was surprised to learn that the effect was psychic. I had fallen down by my failure to thoroughly explain what I'd meant by psychic or psychological impotence although my patient had had an idea that it had somethnig to do with the mind.

One woman I knew was the wife of a dairyman. Their operations were on a moderate scale. She told me that when their operations had grown to the point that male help around the barns was needed she'd given up going around the barns when the helpers were there. The sight and sound of a cow urinating excited her sexually. She felt that she failed to completely hide her excitement.

A man who was one of the most highly respected citizens in his county told me he'd once been arrested for attempted rape. The grand jury nol-prossed the case. He believed the grand jurymen understood. The occurrence was in the days of horse and buggy transportation. While escorting a young woman home from some community function his buggy mare had stopped dead in the middle of a stream to uriate. He'd been so stimulated sexually that he had pleaded with the young woman to have sexual relations with him and had struggled with her momentarily. His better judgment had won and he had then apologized. Charges had been preferred nevertheless. I asked if that had been the only occasion of the kind. He answered, "Not altogether—there were girls who were willing." After that he had driven a horse instead of a mare. He was not excited by the urinary practices of the male animal. He grinned and said that he sometimes found that his girl friends were thus excited.

One man who discussed the subject with me several years ago told me that he'd always been excited when he heard urine passed into one of the old-fashioned vessels or into a combinet. On the occasion of his third marriage he took his bride, a widow, directly to his home after the wedding. There was neither an old-fashioned earthenware vessel nor a more modern enamelware combinet in the house. The toilet was the outdoor type and the weather was inclement. The bride asked about a convenience and was informed that the bridegroom was in the habit of using an ordinary galvanized bucket which he brought to the bedroom.

A get-acquainted love-play was quite prolonged and when the bride used the common bucket the bridegroom felt no excitement. He realized where the difficulty lay and although the bridal night was slightly disappointing he procured

a vessel of the kind that would echo properly the following day and won the respect and gratitude of his wife that night.

Interested I asked why the bucket sound had not sufficed. The sound, my informant said, was too dull—too dead.

Undinism and sound reminds me of a psychological practice which smacks of superstition and quackery—or magic. The practice is thoroughly in accord with scientific principles. It is the practice of stimulating the urge to urinate by creating the sound of running water. I've often prevented the necessity to use a catheter on a patient by turning on a water faucet while the patient invited urination. And I'm not alone in this. I've known of many doctors who did the same thing. Whether they learned it themselves or from patients (as I did) I do not know. The remedy is not, it must be admitted, always successful. It often is helpful.

There are men who find it impossible to start the urinary stream in the presence of others. During my years of active practice I dealt with many such cases. (Women are far less frequently affected by the condition.) I've had scores of letters from men who have complained of suffering when circumstances required them to use public toilets for relief. The condition is of psychological origin. It is sometimes overcome by turning on a flushing stream of water but this may not help when it is felt that one is being observed. The greatest help I've been able to give those who suffer from this inconvenience has been through encouraging them to stand defiantly for an hour if necessary. Some of them have informed me in person and by letter that the embarrassment was almost unbearable but that after thus succeeding a few times they found it easy to start the stream.

Simply knowing that others will hear the sound made, inhibits some, but if they overcome by defying, they find relief by forcing the stream and creating a sound they know will be unmistakable.

Heterosexuals and Undinism

Reference has been made to heterosexuals and undinistic practices. I should like to explain that a high percentage of heterosexuals sense sexual excitement through undinistic practices not directly involving the opposite sex.

Several letters I'd received came to my mind while I was preparing the data for this book. Some of them are almost unique and this is not on account of the revelations they make, exclusively, but for the reason that few people ever set actions and reactions such as those described down on paper—let alone send the data involved to another individual.

I have revised these letters to eliminate the digressions which would be superfluous in our study. Here, I present several letters from undinists of herterosexual integration. It will be observed that the sexual drive was directed toward the opposite sex but that undinistic eroticism was invoked by practices of members of the same sex and by animals.

Letters

Dear Doctor: I have been embarrassed on several occasions when I have been around domestic animals in rut and friends were with me. It did not matter specifically whether the friends were of one sex or the other.

Some time ago I became undernourished—a victim of malnutrition because I was afraid to eat. I had stomach ulcers and mucous colitis. Drugs of every kind failed. Diet failed. Enforced rest due to my weakened condition helped but little because I could not let my mind rest. My mind was a busybody and when I was too ill to get out of bed I had two or three stenographers coming and going and my local and long distance telephones at my bedside.

One day my administrative executive came and asked me to leave business alone and warned me that I'd soon be bankrupt if I continued to interfere with business opera-

tions by the things I schemed from my sick bed. Angrily I fired him and promoted another man to his place. But neither of them paid any attention to my firing. The letters I dictated were never mailed and my physicians took my telephones away from me. My business was saved and I was chagrined when I learned that the assistant who had taken my orders had remained in his position as an executive understudy of his own volition. (After I had promoted him.)

An obscure stomach specialist managed to induce me to go to a ranch my managers had provided and I went there to live exclusively on a diet of fresh goat's milk. I didn't like it and I hated goats but I was a stranger to some of the ways of science. My milk was chilled (when I could not take the fresh warm milk because it revolted my stomach) and before taking that I was given crushed ice to swallow as quickly as possible. Evidently this anesthetized my stomach. Soon I was drinking large quantities of the milk and walking about the ranch and getting stronger. I learned that the males were kept far from the females except at breeding time and that this made the milk more palatable.

Soon I became interested in goats, their life and their habits. We were beginning to breed superior milk goats and to sell these to goat dairies supplying hospitals with milk. Domestication had done away with breeding seasons and breeding went on almost every day. It was when I observed a male goat who had exhausted himself temporarily catching the urine of a female goat in oestrous in the forward part of his nostrils and holding it there while he inhaled its odor and arrived at potency that I became excited.

I thought this was something of a psychoanalytic nature and resolved to have a psychoanalyst come out to see me for a discussion. The specialist came but we failed to reach an agreement. I'd have been compelled to make frequent visits to the city and I wasn't sufficiently interested to devote one or two days a week to the analytic couch just to find out why I was sexually excited by the antics of a male goat.

After reading some of your booklets I decided that perhaps you could explain this phenomenon if it is a phenomenon.

As matters stand I never go where the animals are sexually engaged except when I am alone. I've never had animal contacts (in the sexual connotation) and I desire no such contacts. If I am other than a modal heterosexual I do not know it. At least my desires of a sexual nature are directed wholly toward the female sex.

If you care to go into this I would deeply appreciate it. I would like to avoid this embarrassment, or at least to understand whatever it is that underlies the condition I have described. If I can cooperate further I shall gladly do so.

My Reply

Dear Sir: The sexological facets described in your letter are phenomenal only to those who have not had exactly parallel experiences. You are not at all alone in the basic characteristics of your apparent eccentricity. I say apparent because of the superficiality of the trait as people often understand it. And I say eccentricity advisedly. People understand some of their most basic sexual instincts as eccentricities and perhaps we may regard them as such by reason of common usage.

It is as natural as day and night for anyone to become sexually excited or stimulated by observing the sexual acts of others of their kind (and sex) or not of their kind and sex.

Naturally the eccentricity you described has psychoanalytic significance. In early childhood we'd have to psychoanalyze some of our ancestors long dead (an impossibility, of course) in order to establish the exact psychoanalytic background associated with our sexual instincts. At some time in your early life you (like most people) associated sexual practices with urinary practices. Odor, or smell, had some bearing on the association.

Having become sexually excited by observing animal practices made you not in the least abnormal or different from your fellows. Some others are incapable of experiencing the stimulation you felt while still others would, under the same or similar circumstances, feel just as you described concerning yourself.

I think you can best explain your excitation by realizing that it is a part of man's basic biologic nature to be stimulated by sexual thought which may be evoked by observation, such as seeing, hearing, smelling, etc. Then you may recall your early impressions of the association of sex and the urinary function.

What you described is not in any manner an aberration and it would be most unwise of you ever to permit yourself to regard it as such.

You have done about all you can do to avoid embarrassment—unless, of course, you wish to overcome the embarrassment. I should be happy to hear from you further should you care to write.

A Later Letter

Dear Doctor: Thank you for the lucid explanation given me in your letter. How absurd it is of us to imagine that we have sexual quirks or aberrations when, as a rule, they are such only to people who do not understand our own as they do their own. Or—they are aberrations to us only until we understand them.

Since reading your letter I have no desire to overcome the trait I described in my previous letter. What possible harm can it do? And why not have the experience?

My wife was seriously affected by my previous ill health and was sent to a sanitarium to prevent a possible nervous breakdown. She is now with me and is following almost the same regimen I follow. She becomes as excited as I do when we observe the antics of the animals. There remains one facet of the whole matter which is strange to us both. It is that observing the urination of the animals and the practice of the male when he appears to revive his sexual powers by inhaling the odor of the urine of the oestrous female, excites us more than any of the other practices we observe. It probably is in some way related, as you told me, to our childhood association of the urinary function with the sexual function. I think this explains it. To say the least, we are both being returned to glowing hearth and we have found a new interest in our sex lives and any real interest in common means much to us. Our sex life in marriage before now wasn't anything to boast about. It is now something for us, as an individual couple, to be happy about.

The matter is thoroughly serious but we have found humor in it, too. If you ever wish to use our experience in your writings you are welcome. Thanks to you I believe the whole matter has been settled to our complete satisfaction. We wish more people could accept man as the natural animal he is—even in our sometimes thoroughly artificial civilization.

The Antithesis of the Voyeur

Dear Doctor: Can you tell me why I'm so ashamed to see the genital organs of other people? I'm ashamed to look at the genital organs of animals in the presence of anyone. And to see an animal urinating in public causes me quickly to turn my head and to move away from the scene, if possible.

The matter has caused me no end of humiliation. When I see anyone urinating in my presence or in the presence of others I immediately have sexual desires. It doesn't matter who does the urinating—male or female.

I've never had sexual relations with anyone except my wife. We were married in our teens. I've never wanted to have sexual relations with anyone else and I never masturbated but a few times. If I become sexually excited when I am not with my wife I've learned that if I'll be still a little while and think of something else the desire will go away.

Seeing animals urinate in public causes me to break into convulsive laughter if I do not turn away

quickly. This has humiliated me on a number of occasions. I wish I could overcome it. I'm similarly affected when anyone passes flatus in such a manner that it makes a sound. I'm not sexually affected by the latter, but I am by the former.

I'd sure like to understand and I'd like to know why seeing the genital organs of other people and animals (when they are at all prominent) causes my face to flush. It sometimes is so red people who do not know me think I'm about to have a heart attack. It gets red first because I blush and then it gets redder and redder because I must control laughter and the strain sends more blood there. When laughter is under control I am provoked that I must always have these feelings and I sense anger. The anger makes my face still redder and I am left with a weakened feeling when all these passions have spent themselves.

One book I read caused me to think I might be schizophrenic. I went to see a psychiatrist and answered only the questions he asked me. He said that I am not schizophrenic or that I do not have a split personality. I didn't tell him what I've told you. I felt like he would be unable to overcome it and I certainly do not expect this of you in a letter. Maybe no one can help me overcome but you can help me to understand. Of that I am confident.

My Reply

Dear Sir: We are taught shame or otherwise we would not know it and we would not regard attending our urinary and other practices in public any more than the animals that are not taught shame. Evidently you were taught with heavy emphasis and you have not overcome the effects of the teaching so that you may adopt a natural attitude toward sex and the attitude of social acceptance toward the conventions which proscribe on our part the conduct of the lower animals.

At some time in early life almost everyone is exposed to the urge to laugh at the sound of passing flatus. This again is the result of the conventional teaching that it is impolite to be heard passing flatus in the presence of others. The flatus, or the sound of it, is inconsequential. It is the incongruity of accidentally offending that creates the response to the humor in our natures.

Refraining from displaying the genital organs in public, or urinating in public, or manifesting public interest in the urinary practices of animals, and other similar conduct, represents dignity. Anything that reverses the attitude of dignity or belies it is incongruous. Some of the analysts of human nature have said that we laugh only at the incongruous. It may more aptly be said that we laugh at that which is incongruous to us. We may see incongruity in a different light.

A Nymphomaniac and a Dog

One of my patients who was a nymphomaniac told me how, being of a dignified nature, she broke the ice with men and made sexual conquest less difficult.

As is well known, a nymphomaniac is a woman who has uncontrollable sexual desire. The person so afflicted may be a constant source of humiliation to her family —and indeed, to herself.

This particular patient to whom I shall refer as Myrta (I've known a number of nymphomaniacs by this given name) was a woman of the highly refined type. She told me quite frankly that she could spend as much time engaged in sexual relations as the average person devotes to work and feel the better, instead of the worse, for it. She rarely met a satyr (the male prototype of the nymphomaniac) and had never found satyrs interesting. Instead, she'd found them provoking. They angered her as she angered them because neither had gratification.

Myrta sought male contacts by walking in the parks of a large midwestern city. Dressed in the height of fashion and radiating dignity she could have shamed almost any masher with a word or a look. Until police had the startling truth

broken to them they would never have believed that this tall woman walking through the parks in her neat attire and rarely casting a look to right or left (so that it could easily be observed) was looking for sexual contacts with red-blooded men, hours each day.

As a means of diversion Myrta took a motherless and homeless puppy of the male sex to raise. She never had the least idea of having a sexual contact with the animal. And, in the beginning, she had no idea concerning the animal except that he was a diversion of a kind.

Male dogs sometimes develop the habit of urinating on a person's leg instead of on a post and Foxie, Myrta's dog, developed this habit. Few men would stoop to show their rage before the impressive Myrta. But the opportunity to apologize gave Myrta an opportunity to act seductively.

Myrta still had Foxie when I last saw her. She swore that if Foxie ever developed civilized habits she'd retire him and do her best to raise and train another one. At the time Foxie was giving a satisfactory account of himself.

A magazine picture of a tall, grandly behatted woman, with a small male dog on a leash brought Myrta to mind. Remembering her gave me the impression that there was something distinctly undinistic in Myrta's practice, or if not, then in the practice of Foxie, her canine mascot. Personally I like dogs, but I never liked the kind of canine familiarity so common to Foxie and a good many others of his kind.

Had it not been that I had an occasion to out-talk an irritated police officer who resented Foxie's undinistic familiarity I probably would never have known this particular Myrta—or her mascot at a distance. Myrta was quite considerate of me in this respect. She always kept Foxie at a distance from me which, with my attitude, encouraged discretion approaching dignity on his part.

An Undinistic Schoolteacher

A male cousin of mine who attended a one-teacher school in the country told me excitedly that he was having sexual relations with his teacher. He was just entering adolescence and when he came with his parents to visit us, he had become afraid he would have to marry his teacher on account of having made her pregnant. He wanted me to look in my father's medical books to see if I could find out whether he was capable of becoming a father. (My father was a physician.) I was satisfied that he was capable of fatherhood but I went through several chapters of my father's books in my efforts to satisfy him of the most probable fact. I suspected that he got a vicarious thrill out of the pages of medical data and the pictured illustrations of the genital organs.

When his young Romeo was convinced that he'd better get a supply of protectives before going back to the country he told me the story. The teacher had repeatedly refused him permission to leave the schoolroom to relieve himself. He was the oldest boy in school and probably the only one capable of sexual congress with a mature woman (of 18.) He had repeatedly left without permission and each time he had been required to remain after school.

Smaller children usually were permitted to leave the room when they snapped their fingers and raised their hands. Now and then they had been refused and about as often they had urinated in their clothing. My cousin thought the teacher was mean about it and that it was funny to her to make the children wet their pants.

Once when he was angry because the teacher had scolded him about something he gave the customary signal requesting permission to leave the room. The teacher answered with an impatient, "No." Whereupon the boy simply protected his clothing in the customary way and urinated on the floor. The stream ran from his desk and crept slowly and spreadingly down the aisle. It headed in the direction of the girl's row of seats and giggles broke into uncontrolled bursts of laughter. This caused the lad to feel that he could force a little more of the material from his bladder

which he did to augment the stream and to send some of the girls down the aisle running forward toward the teecher where the unlevel floor was higher. The teacher said something like, "I cannot imagine what's wrong with you children but I'm not going to scold you. Laugh as much as you please and then get back to your desks and your lessons."

There was no command to the wayward boy to remain after school and during the next few days he was graciously permitted permission to leave the room whenever he requested permission. He said that the teacher stopped scolding him and began treating him with respect. One afternoon she asked him to go with her through the woods to see a family where some of the children were too sick to attend school. On their return trip through the woods she asked why he needed to urinate so often when he was in the schoolroom and had not shown such a desire during their trip that afternoon. He didn't know how to answer. He had been in her presence every moment they were away from the schoolroom. Curiosity prompted him to ask if she never urinated. She said she did and that with his permission she'd do so then. He wasn't so naive as not to understand the implications of her conduct and by way of giving his permission he urinated. They were both erotically aroused but they probably would have been had they not engaged in the undinistic activity. The undinistic activity, to use an aphorism, broke the ice for them.

The last I heard of these two several years ago they had a rather nice sized family and there were two or three grandchildren already. I haven't an idea they ever gave up their undinistic practices although I attached little importance to them then except as a possible stepping stone to an enforced marriage.

Again Like Father, Like Son

One comparatively young man of my acquaintance married in his teens. The first two children were girls. The eldest was never a bedwetter but the next one appeared to have chronic enuresis. I entered the home of this young man and his family a number of times and was always glad to be able to pay my respects quickly and get out into the open air. The house had a lingering odor of dried urine and the young couple apparently had sexual congress with the regularity of a near-satyr and a near-nymphomaniac. Their parenthood control practices did not include abstinence or control of desire.

When the wife-mother brought a well urinated-on blanket and heated it within three feet of my nostrils before wrapping the affected little girl in it for the night I managed to say good-night, and for good.

In a few months the ambitions of this couple were realized with the birth of a son. As soon as it was expedient the little fellow was dressed in rompers. The father quickly taught the little fellow to urinate down through the leg of his rompers without soiling himself. On one such occasion when the father showed me and several others what he had taught his son I was impressed that to judge by the way he and his wife acted they had been sexually excited by the performance and were on their way to relieve their natures promptly.

I knew no more of these undinistic practices until the little boy was old enough to go to school. It was then that I learned of the difficulty the teachers had in breaking the child from the practice of urinating on little girls and then trying to inspect their genital anatomy.

Undinistic practices in some form appear to be rather more universal than is recognized. It was not until I started gathering data for this book that I realized the frequence with which undinism crops up in various matters of human sexual conduct and the minor incidence of recognition usually given the entity.

Homosexuals and Undinism

In a recent issue of *Sexology Magazine*, Dr. Norman Haire told of a homosexual (male) who placed a

loaf of bread in a public urinal used by males and allowed it to be come well saturated. He then took the bread home, dried it in an oven and ate it, deriving sexual gratification from the act.

A boy with whom I attended school one year had a habit which was so commonplace after a short while no one thought to remark about it thereafter. His practice doubtless was autosexual at the time. He later became a homosexual, if he was not even then, and because of the treatment accorded him by his family committed suicide when he was 27 years old. His practice was to catch a few drops of his own urine on his fingers when urinating at the school latrine and taking this urine into the mouth. He laughed about it then and said it was a healthy practice. He also claimed that it caused the male genitals to grow larger. I always had a rather good idea that this sold a goodly number of youths on the practice even if they resorted to it in private. Being the son of a scientist the claim impressed me, even then, as just another superstition. In later years I met a doctor who wholeheartedly endorsed the practice. It was not a matter of surprise when I learned from several young men the doctor befriended with money that he was a rather indirect sort of homosexual. He was a fetisher of male urine. He preferred a combination of urine and semen but found the urine so much easier to obtain. When one of the young men fell asleep for a few moments after making a specimen of semen by self-induced ejaculation for the doctor to examine in order to determine the sterility or the fertility of the youth who anticipated marriage, the doctor thought he had gone. The aroused youth saw the physician combine a small quantity of the urine and semen, put it into a vessel, place it over an alcohol flame, inhale the vapors thus created and, lying on an office couch have an erection and ejaculation without as much as touching his genital organ. These young men talked among themselves and came to me for an interpretation of such conduct. They had no desire whatever to cause the physician who had befriended them embarrassment. If there was homosexuality among them it was well cloaked.

Several male homosexuals who have described some of their acts to me have mentioned the practice of urinating or persuading their partners to urinate before engaging in their activities. I did not, at the time, associate this with undinism, but since having had my attention called rather impressively to undinism, I see the undinistic connotation.

A Lesbian who played the male role told me once that she had always known that her sexual desires were directed to members of her own sex. She practiced autoerotism as a growing and maturing girl. Using the mailed fist as an object, and the proximal knuckle of the index as a specific object, she placed the hand beneath her and made thrusts as she had observed in intercourse between domestic animals. When she learned about female homosexuals she tried in vain on a number of occasions to learn just how they went about having sexual relations. When she was mature she observed a cow in oestrous riding another cow and not long after that she met a young woman of her age who was so confused she didn't know whether she was heterosexual or homosexual. She was afraid of men. This particular woman of whom I've written suggested that they try an act with her imitating the male. When they had agreed and were about ready to test this initial experience my informant told me that it came to her mind that she had observed cows not in oestrous riding the one in oestrous and that the animal in heat frequently urinated under the onslaught. She asked her partner to urinate and this greatly heightened the desire of both. These two lived together for years. Their sexual relationships always were of a routine nature. Petting, common consent to relations, urination on the part of the one and an active masculine-like role on the part of the other. On an occasion of a violent quarrel the passive one left.

Not long after that she contracted heterosexual marriage and evidently gave up homosexual practices altogether. My informant told me (she was invalided by pseudo-leukemia and a glandular disorder) that she now derived pleasure from urinating into the artistic chamber-pot she had bought for her lady-love. It was a beautiful thing.

The Aged and Undinistic Practices

The late Dr. Max Huehner reported that among his aged male patients there were men who told him that they had complete sexual gratification although they rarely ejaculated. At the point of climax they rested and passed a few drops of urine.

My personal patients frequently told me (during my years of active medical practice) that when they were somewhat debilitated and not inclined to vigorous efforts during intercourse they frequently sensed a climactical feeling when they urinated a slight quantity. This happened most frequently among elderly men although men who were young in years but physically old gave similar reports.

Shock often causes urination and severe shock has been known to cause ejaculation. There have been numerous reports of men who ejaculated when hanged. Evidently the ejaculation took place when the trap was sprung and the neck broken. Urination under circumstances of sudden pain or conditions of shock is of a high incidence among people of all ages but all of the data I have indicate that the incidence is higher among people (especially males) who are in the process of physical aging.

Quite a few elderly women who have told me that they experience the sexual climax as strong as they remember ever having experienced it have complained that there was minor incontinence of urine associated with the climax. I've had them to ask for something to remedy the condition and when I have told them that it was a natural accompaniment to the excitement attending the climax they have been satisfied. I may truthfully say that some of them appeared to be pleased. One uninhibited woman told me that the climax never seemed complete without the involuntary passage of at least a few drops of urine at the height of sexual excitement.

An elderly man who said he'd come to consult me on a matter of extreme delicacy said that he and his wife still enjoyed frequent sexual relations. They had become fearful lest it might be weakening to people of their age. This fear was prompted by the fact that they seemed unable to retain the urine at the critical moment. He was greatly relieved when I told him that no harm would come of it. He ventured that perhaps they were getting childish between, and with themselves, because they actually enjoyed it. He said there was a tingling and a glow of warmth. The couple were well along in their 70's and were not regarded by people who knew them best as in the least mentally senile.

One patient, a woman prematurely old in her late 50's, had been treated by several doctors for urinary incontinence. She was avowedly anti-sexual. In this she was sincere. I learned that she knew practically nothing of the general connotations of sex and sexology.

It wasn't difficult to gain this woman's confidence. After that I learned that her uterus had been removed when she was 40, that for a number of years previous to that she had had no sexual life with her husband who was a timid man and in whom sexual desire had seemed to end early (he was more than 20 years her senior) and that she had considered her active sex life ended at an early age. She condemned extra-marital sex relations and what she regarded as promiscuous sexual relations. For years she had experienced complete orgasm by various means. Hearing others engaged in sex relations (if they were within what she regarded as moral rights) excited her to orgasm. Seeing domestic animals engaged in sexual relations sometimes had a similar effect. Feeling that she had been maltreated or debased had sometimes led to a sexual climax.

As time went on the sensation of the climax dulled somewhat but at the time when she had previously experienced a climax she sensed a desire to urinate. At times like these she could not hold the urine and she was never satisfied until she felt relief from a peculiar pressure at the neck of the bladder by the passage of several drops of urine which always felt hot. Since this had come about she required less excitement and urine passed involuntarily with a higher incidence of occurrence. An intelligent woman, she had never associated the urinary incontinence with sexual sensations or a great deal of the difficulty she had in adjusting to society the result of a life of misunderstanding and sex privation. She left my office happier than she had been for years and seemed greatly relieved that she did not have what had been pronounced as kidney and bladder trouble. She remarked that she could use the money she'd been spending on cure for something more useful and that sanitary practices were not difficult. She felt that she would now have a different outlook on the sexual life of other people. Some of her relatives who knew that she had called on me were foolish enough to ask what I'd done to her. I always asked their reasons for asking. She was not, according to them, the morals-mouther opposed to, and apparently hating sex, she had been. I always countered them by saying that a physician had nothing to tell them and asking how they thought they'd feel toward something as important as sex if they had largely been cheated by unfortunate circumstances out of the completeness sexual gratification gives in life. Even if they still were puzzled they asked no further questions.

The incontinence of urine observed in a great many aging people in nothing more nor less than an undinistic form of sexual gratification but I do not advise anyone to decide for himself that this is true in his case. Anyone, whether young or aging, should, if troubled by incontinence of the urine, consult a thoroughly experienced physician. What I have written about the subject may help sufferers (or victims) to help their physicians to differentiate between a natural form of urinary incontinence and a pathological form which may require medical or surgical measures for relief.

Undinism In Medical and Lay Practices

In a broad sense a form of undinism has invaded medicine. Laboratories process tanks of urine from pregnant mares to procure hormones with which to treat human (and in some instances lower animal) females.

Urine has been used medically as an auto-biochemic remedy and laymen have used the urine of the equine as a remedy for severely chafed hands. A distillate of urine has been employed in ointments of various kinds and urine in some form has been used in the treatment of burns. Urine has been used empirically, particularly by laymen, in making clay poultices for various applications. Laymen have used urine as an eyewash and good results have been reported in the treatment of "sore eyes," with raw urine. The practice is not advisable. If the urine is contaminated with certain micro-organisms blindness from its use may result. And sore eyes may mean any of a large number of pathological conditions. It is always appropriate to remind people that we may chew with artificial teeth; we may walk on artificial legs, and we may employ prosthetic hands usefully, but we cannot see with glass eyes.

Drinking Raw Urine

One form of undinism is the practice of drinking raw urine. It was Dr. Norman Haire who reported the case of a man who held a most respectable position in his community who drank his wife's urine. The wife was as well pleased to have her husband drink her urine as the husband was to drink it. It was the man's delight to urge his wife to drink large quantities

of tea and other liquids to the end that she would pass more urine for him to drink. The case reached Dr. Haire's attention when he was consulted to determine whether this might not be decidedly unhealthy. The doctor did not regard it as likely to injure the man's health if his wife was healthy. I've never known of such a case; however, in studying the effects of urinary (or undinistic) therapy years ago I recall reading that a Dr. Deachman (I do not recall his full name or initials) who made an extensive study of urine and its possible therapeutic effects, advised against the practice. As I remember it, Dr. Deachman was explaining the therapeutic values of urine properly processed (and applied to the individual who made it) to a patient who asked why the raw product would not serve as well as the processed product. An explanation given by the doctor was that the raw material contained a great many products which were undesirable in therapy and that the drinking of the large quantities necessary (because a great deal of the medicinal value would be rapidly flushed through the system) would cause the organs of the body to have too much work to do in the process of purifying the blood. This involves extra work for the kidneys where the blood is finally filtered and various impurities which are filtered out of the blood are sent down the ureters to be stored temporarily in the bladder to be eliminated from the body when that organ is filled to the point of creating the urge to micturate.

Extensive tests would be required definitely to establish whether the physiological function of filtering the blood would damage the kidneys in the least were the added work of filtering out the impurities of raw urine drunk by an individual added to their regular work. It is well known that the kidneys have far more work to do at times and in differing conditions of illness and health, than at others, and that this probably does not, within itself, damage the organs.

Early physicians who learned about diabetes by tasting the urine and detecting sweetness may have been, as well as pioneering scientists, undinists. The fact that the urine has a high salt content could have been an accidental discovery on the part of someone who tasted through accident and without intent. It is just as reasonable to suppose (inasmuch as we do not know) that the discovery was made by undinists addicted to tasting, or drinking, the urine.

Drinking the urine, whether as a figure of speech or as a reality, is mentioned in the Bible. For the interest of readers who probably will never hear a sermon in which the passage is used as a text, I give the biblical reference and the exact wording of the King James Version. The reference (consult your King James version—many people will not believe otherwise) is Isaiah 36:12. It reads: "But Rabshakeh said, Hath my master sent me to thy master and to thee to speak these words? Hath he not sent me to the men that sit upon the wall that they may eat their own dung, and drink their own piss with you?" Other versions I have read render the substitute word for urine as water. The reference, regardless of terminology appears to refer to drinking raw urine.

One Undinistic Couple

Several months ago I had a letter which was extremely well written from a couple who had, through experimentation, developed an oddly interesting undinistic practice. Experimentation led to a mutual agreement that the husband would try to void urine into his wife's vagina. After repeated attempts the husband succeeded. I do not believe many men can succeed in voiding urine, except as has been described with relation to the aged and others in a similar physical and psychological category, into the vagina, or with the male genital inserted (and surely not with the organ in a tumescent state) and although I hardly classify myself as an undinist, I am a scientist, and as such I am unopposed to experimentation which might not prove distasteful. I tried and failed.

The couple under discussion found delight in the practice and, being clean in their habits, spread a suitable rubber mat beneath them and enjoyed their new-found pleasure to its fullest extent. The wife found the sensation extremely pleasant and satisfying.

In writing me the couple wondered whether their practice might have some effect on the determination of the sex of a child should the wife become pregnant. They had read that an alkaline or an acid state of the vaginal canal might effect the sex of a child and were aware that doctors had experimented by using acid and alkaline douches. Their letter indicated that they had children, that they stood well in their community and that both of them worked and were generally industrious. They asked: "Please do not consider us perverts." Their practices certainly were not the practices of perverts in any sense of the word.

I had previously known of attempts on the part of males to urinate into the vaginal canal as a part of the sex act. In another booklet I gave the letter written by the couple under notice and I have since had a number of letters from people who had engaged in similar attempts. The most appropriate of these letters are given in the section which follows under the caption, "Correspondence."

Correspondence

The following letters require little explanation. They are further evidence of the truth that we are far from having learned the facts of life as they apply to humanity.

Urethral Insertions and Undinism

Dear Doctor: After having read the interesting account given you by the couple who practiced urination in the vagina, my wife and I have discussed our own case. If it ever is of value to you use it.

We have been married 20 years. A short while after we were married we were discussing child sex play and our own sexual experiences as children. My wife told me about making urethral insertions as something of an autoerotic practice. The nearest I'd ever come to that was after I reached maturity and encountered a woman with an exceptionally long, erectile and loosely hanging clitoris. The woman had suggested that she try, as a novelty, to insert her clitoris into the urethra. We failed but I believe this was because I was not sufficiently persistent. I was not interested to begin with and after a few minutes of manipulation there was a sense of tenderness at the urinary meatus.

One young woman who became pregnant two years after her marriage told my wife that she had not become pregnant earlier because her husband had completed the sex act by urinating into her vagina. It was their theory that the urine killed any sperm it failed to wash out and that it was more effective, being natural, than other chemicals. We asked a physician friend about such a practice as a birth control measure. He said it was inefficient. My wife asked her acquaintance how it happened that she became pregnant if the method she had described was effective. The woman said that the time she conceived was a time when her husband failed to be able to urinate. The matter was thoroughly humorous to us. We had no intention of practicing birth control to begin with having determined to let our children come as they might and to limit the family when we had enough by my being sexually sterilized.

Try as I might, just for the experience, I could never succeed in starting the urinary stream while the penis was inserted. I do not question the ability of other men to do this.

On an occasion when something again brought urethral insertions to mind my wife mentioned that she had used a catheter and that she had, on quite a number of occasions, after titillating the urethra (and incidentally the clitoris) when her sensations reached a certain pitch, inserted the outer end of the catheter into the vagina while advancing the other end into the

bladder and thus catheterizing herself. The stream of urine thus passed into the vagina and out. She said that a douche never gives a feeling like that.

For the sake of experiment we shortened a catheter, inserted the external (or outer end) into her vagina, and with the organ well lubricated inserted it through my urethra to the bladder after my organ was in the tumescent state. The experience came near to ending unpleasantly. The catheter we used was entirely too large for the urethra while the organ was tumesced. The bladder was emptied and I immediately withdrew and removed the uncomfortable instrument. But the pleasure it gave my wife was undeniable. A few days later we tried using a much smaller catheter. I was unable to insert the instrument because of its extreme flexibility. By now I was determined to see this practice through. I therefore went to a druggist and told him I wanted a stiff catheter such as was used on infants. He did not have one but sent to a nearby surgical supply house and got me a half dozen. I'm still wondering that he did not ask me anything at all about it.

With the catheter we tried again and this time we were successful. I did not find the instrument in the least unpleasant but I was still for some time. My wife gently and slowly removed the catheter and I was excited by this movement. We are both agreed that the practice enabled her to have a series of orgasms or climaces, one following the other like a succession of explosions.

When I met a physician in whom I had sufficient confidence I told him about our practice. It was interesting to learn that he and his wife had developed a substitute practice. His wife had never had a climax before except through autoerotic practies. He strapped a small rubber tube along the underside of his penis and placed a bulb containing a warm salt solution at the other end where he could manipulate the bulb and thus throw squirts of the warm salt solution into the vagina. His wife had thus learned to attain a climax after which they had discontinued the practice.

The doctor warned me to arrange a method of fixing the catheter so that it would not be forced back into the urethra as it had a tendency to do. I took some new instruments to his office and he made a number of small openings into the length of the outer end of the instrument and inserted a small smooth piece of rubber through its diameter.

I suppose we grew up in a few months because my wife learned to climax ahead of me as well as with me and we discontinued our practice.

It may be a matter of interest for me to add that our children came along with about the same spacing as had the children of our parents who were too old-fashioned to bother with what they called the tomfoolery of birth control. My eight siblings had come at average two-year intervals. My wife's four siblings had come at average four-year-intervals. Our own children have come at average three year intervals. You would know about the urinary practice and birth control. We gave no credence to the idea.

It is immaterial whether people call us eccentrics, aberrants, freaks, or in the vernacular, nuts. During our first 15 years of marriage we had five children. There may be another one or two or even more but we believe we've run our cycle. We aren't ashamed of anything we have done in our intimate life and we feel that if more people were like us there'd be no divorces. With us it's anything to make one another happy.

Comment

The urinary practice is not a means of birth control. The practice of using a stiff (or any other) catheter as described is dangerous and should not be experimented with. I have had the same experience other physicians have had in removing catheters and other instruments from the female urethra (and in a few instances, the bladder.) Surgery has been necessary

for a large number of physicians to accomplish this. Sharp instruments (or gadgets) have slipped into the bladder and punctured its walls thus entering the abdomen and usually in a contaminated state. Serious peritonitis may follow the penetration of the bladder wall by sharp, or other, gadgets sometimes used by members of both sexes in autoerotic practices.

Prof. A. C. Kinsey in "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," reported the practice of urethral insertions. Various physicians and writers have reported cases of the practice. Some of these practices were consciously (judging the clinical syndrome) undinistic practices. Some were not.

There is nothing morally or otherwise wrong in safe practices between couples who seek to attain completeness of bodily and mental (some call it physical and spiritual) union in their sex lives.

I've known of Lesbian practices involving the injection of warm salt solution into the vagina as was described by the physician my correspondent mentioned. Two women who did not regard themselves as homosexuals used 10 cc syringes with glass cylinders on one another and slowly injected a stream of warm salt water. The needle was removed and the glass end which received this was protected by a small rubber cap. In time they conceived the idea of making the act more intimate by substituting one another's urine for the salt solution. They gave up the practice when one of the syringes (as syringes sometimes do) cracked while inserted. The woman was so fearful of being cut by glass she remained still until I reached her. Her story was that she had been medicating herself. In their excitement the women had forgotten to hide the other syringe. And the syringe I removed by inserting separated speculum spoons and having one woman hold the upper one in position, was badly cracked but still two thirds full of urine. I picked up the other syringe and compared the two. What had happened was evident to me. The women were genuinely embarrassed and understood that truth would help them to overcome their humiliation.

The use of gadgets of any kind unless recommended and supervised by a physician is to be avoided if one wants to keep the sexual parts whole and in health.

Superstition Will Never Die

The following letter told me nothing I had not heard time and again since childhood. It is of interest in its various connotations which signify, that superstition probably will never die. The correspondent's manner of positively asserting or almost swearing to the efficacy of what is advocated indicates his need to convince himself as well as any who may read or hear his story.

Dear Doctor: I am a farmer and have been a farmer all my life. When I was a young man I had a short course of study at agricultural college. I admit they taught us a great deal that was worth while but they taught us things that weren't true.

A part of my farming practices have been devoted to raising farm animals. Where I live we still use farm animals. I love farm animals and I have never had any trouble with any of the farm animals I have raised. When I sell them to other people they are gentle and trained to work. But my people taught me, and it was a practice that we believe was handed down from biblical times, that to make a farm animal love you you should, as soon as the animal is old enough to notice, start urinating on the animal's flanks.

I was too busy to marry until I was 40 and when I did marry there wasn't a woman of near my age in the settlement. The only girl I'd have had at all was an 18-year-old.

Well after we were married I tried everything I knew humans do and my wife was afraid to have sex relationships with me. I treated her gentle like I did all of my animals but she was as stubborn as the mustang mules my neighbor raises to ship away off. Folks around here won't have them.

Two weeks and I hadn't had any

luck with my wife yet. So I decided to treat her like I did the animals. One night I took her to a cot on the front porch. The cot was covered with a raw cowhide. After I petted her and talked to her just like I always talked to animals she said she still was afraid. I asked her if she wanted to be like our neighbor's stubborn mustang mules. She flared up and said if I wanted to call her a stubborn mustang mule to go ahead and that if I didn't improve my conduct she'd quit me and go home all to her shame and disgrace because they don't just quit around where I live. I said I'd break her like a mustang and I held her down and urinated on her flanks. She cried and submitted to the advances I was soon making and put her arms around me and said I must love her terribly to do that to keep her.

Don't tell me the ideas we've been handed down from the three wise men and others are spooky.

Doctor, this may sound like I doubt your knowledge and your training and that I'm putting myself up to dispute an educated man which I'm not but I swear that every word I've said is true and that if you want to control an animal or a woman you can do it every time if you'll gently wet their flanks even if you have to hold them. Some of them tell me I can't subdue my neighbor's mustangs by doing this. He could do it himself and I vow it as a solemn vow. I've never seen it fail. But I don't mind if my neighbor don't succeed. It pays me better for his mustangs to stay wild. I have a better home market.

Comment

My correspondent signed his name by asserting that he was telling the sacred truth. He signed "Solemnly yours."

Anyone who breeds animals from gentle stock and handles them gently will have gentle animals. Urinating on an animal's flanks wets them. Strange to say, however, that wetting an animal's flanks with one's own urine may be an undinistic practice having some sexual significance. I feel certain that my correspondent who forgot to place his name after his declaration of solemnity overlooked the fact that his wife didn't appreciate not being subdued. And I'd wager she was excited by the mere fact that the man who was to be her master was powerful enough to hold her and urinate on her. Several masochists of both sexes have told me that it gave them pleasure to be urinated on during the abuse they often pay for in order to satisfy their desire to suffer pain in its sexual relationship. The following letter is an example of such a case.

Masochism and Undinism

Dear Doctor: You are one of the first doctors or sexologists I ever knew of who gave us masochists a real break.

As far as I know I was born a masochist. My mother told me that when I was a baby I seemed to cry to get her to spank me. She said most babies (and I've learned the same thing) cry when they're wet and are quiet after they are changed and dry. It was not like that with me. I cried when I was dry and slept contentedly when I was wet. (But this is what I was told because I surely do not remember anything about that.)

When I began remembering things I provoked my parents to get them to spank me. I provoked my elder brothers and sisters to get them to go as far as they dared in chastising me. In school I did everything I could to get the teachers to punish me or to provoke other children into doing things to me. You may wonder that I wasn't killed. The reason I wasn't was that I learned to defend myself and everyone learned to stop before they did me real injury. Boys hated me because they didn't dare strike me and I'd have been too happy to have told.

One boy who believed he didn't dare strike me because I was a girl spat on me. That pleased me and he didn't believe it but thought I was being defiant. He threatened to urinate on me. I wanted him to and dared him. He did. He couldn't know how supremely hap-

py that made me. When I didn't tell on him he got worried and came and apologized. I used the ace he gave me and required him to do it again and to kick me. He never liked the performance after that and soon refused to do anything for me. He said that I was to go ahead and tell. That was something I did not want to do and I did not want him to tell. He used me as putty after that.

People who shrink from being beaten or urinated on have what they don't want happen to them. I want these things and have paid for them. It's hard to get what I want and pay for it.

Other masochists aren't any fun. I read about one woman masochist wanting to meet other masochists. I can't imagine anything more boring. I abhor other masochists but I dislike for anyone not a masochist to abuse masochists in general. There have been a few occasions when I've learned of masochists who, like myself, were made divinely happy by being urinated on. And I don't admire a man who wants that but I've met several who did it for me and then surprised me by asking me to return the favor. Only once could I do it and that time I was sure the man wasn't a masochist. You might know what he was but he decidedly wasn't a masochist. My kidneys never would act for another masochistic person.

A woman who learned a few things about me asked me if it wasn't an unbearable life. I told her it was unbearable when people were unwilling to accommodate. I'll take a beating and like it from a mannish type of woman but not from a feminine type. I'll take a beating and a good urinating from a man any time and love it. If I'm crazy I'm crazy and was born that way. I'm not too crazy to be successful or to be able to earn enough money to pay for what I call pleasure and a lot of people call abuse.

I thought maybe you hadn't heard from another just like me and that's why I wrote—and I enjoyed the writing.

An Extreme Case of Masochistic Undinism

When I started writing in earnest more than five years ago I began receiving letters from people with a yen to tell about themselves. It was difficult at times to believe some of the things people told me in letters. As time went on and I compared some of the things people told me in writing with occurrances I had actually known I was less surprised. And when, on several occasions, I ran a few cases down to convince myself I was amazed to find that some of the people who had written me had told their stories mildly.

The following letter was among the first I received after my first articles were published in a magazine. The paper must have been ersatz. It was necessary to handle it gently when it was received. I finally pasted it onto heavier paper and thus preserved it. It is one of the most extreme cases of its kind that has come to my attention.

Dear Doctor: I want to tell you what I could never tell a doctor to his face and I couldn't tell anyone not in some way of my own kind. Whatever is wrong with me I do not know and sometimes I wish I could be like other people. Every time I think this I know that being what I am and what I have been I could never be happy being like other people. You may call me crazy and a lot of other people would do the same thing if they knew all. But you would be surprised if you knew how well I stand in the community which always has been my home and how little my neighbors know about the real me.

My people were too gentle I suppose. Or at least my parents were and I was an only child. My mother kept boarders in a polite sort of way. No one ever said she ran a boarding house. We inherited a beautiful home from my grandfather who was one of the roughest men ever to hit the western cattle country. But my father was a gentle little Lord Fauntleroy. My mother was a quiet submissive woman. Father was a Justice of

the Peace. He made out papers for accommodation and sold real estate to make a little money. Grandfather left us a home. He left his money and ranch and cattle and disposition to a son who was as rough as he himself was and then some. He, the son, finally gambled everything away and died an alcoholic in a gun battle the law never bothered much to investigate.

Every Sunday I was at Sunday School and every time I had a chance I was at the ranch with my uncle who encouraged me to be a tomboy. He taught me to ride horses, bulls and goats. Once a goat threw me and stood over me daring me to move. I'd learned to lie flat if attacked by an animal with horns and to throw an animal that attacked with the hoofs. When I stayed still and the goat was tired of daring or waiting he urinated on me and walked off. My uncle saw it and laughed like a maniac. That same day a woman was there arguing with him. They must have been drunk. I heard him tell the woman he had urinated on better women than her and she encouraged him to urinate on her. He said it would please her too well. She finally left and I think she was blackmailing him. It may be some of his money went that way instead of through gambling. Or I think I should say grandfather's money.

It had made me happy when the goat urinated on me and I didn't know why. That night when my uncle's housekeeper was gone I asked him why the woman wanted him to urinate on her. He said there were people like that. I supposed there were and told him I liked it when the goat wet me. When I kept prodding him with questions he finally told me to shut up and when I started to leave the room he told me to sit still. I sat until my feet and legs went to sleep while he read the paper and nodded. If I moved when he dozed off he straightened up and commanded me to sit there. When he said I could go to bed I couldn't walk because my legs were asleep. He picked me up and took me to my bed and then stood and looked at me. Then he deliberately urinated on me. I was 11 then and suddenly he said he'd never known before that I was a woman. You could have called it rape if he had forced me but he didn't have to force. It wasn't long after that that he was killed but I guess I had learned a few things and I started my career of getting urinated on and sometimes abused generally.

There were always rodeos and similar events and I was permitted to go to them and to take part sometimes. When that happened I was the mascot of some and the object of all spite for others. It wasn't much of a job for me to figure out what kind of men were which and I was urinated on and raped a thousand times. The little girl who could smell like urine, leather, men and animals at least one day each week (I went to the stables every Saturday) smelled like choice perfume and sang in the choir on Sunday.

The most satisfactory man I knew then came to live with us. We did not call it boarding. He was a teller and an assistant cashier at the local bank and was on every committee to raise finances that came into being for any purpose in that community which is, I might say, still this neighborhood to me. That man could raise money to finance an expedition to hunt for Adam's tracks in the Garden of Eden. And I finally learned that he could outjuggle an International Business Machine on figures. I knew he wasn't any more benign or benevolent than myself as society calls these characteristics. He liked to walk in our vegetable garden which always had tall trellises of bean vines in season. I used to go to the garden to urinate and masturbate. I liked to urinate in the same place and get it smelly. Then I just imagined the urine smelled like a man's when I masturabted. And I thought this man walked in the garden to peep on me. When I saw him taking up some of the earth I'd wet on, smelling it and taking it in a little tin can to his room I knew I had his number. So I just slipped in one night when he was asleep and woke him up by urinat-

ing on him. He knew in the dark it was me. He caught my gown and held me. His room was at the back —far from any other occupied room. He called me a little devil and said not to think I was going to get away. For a moment I was frightened. I'd heard such men sometimes commit murder under such circumstances—the circumstances of getting caught up with and having their eccentricity known. This made me cautious. He said he was going to do the same thing to me. I was pleased then. He turned on the light and told me to lie on the floor. He urinated a little and stopped. I asked if that was the best he could do and he told me to stand up which I did. He really and truly frightened me then when he took up an old-fashioned smoothing iron and told me to stand in front of a chair. He saw I was frightened but he probably saw I was ready to fight. He wasn't a large man—except sexually. He was frighteningly large that way. He told me he wasn't going to hurt me if I minded him. Then he stood on a chair, told me to stand in front and open my mouth. He urinated into my mouth. I had thought I'd mind. I didn't but I didn't want to swallow it. He said to spit it in his face or he'd crush my skull with the iron. I obeyed and he put the iron away and said we were real friends. We were. Nobody would have suspected what went on between us. All of that ended when my parents died. They were both bedridden several months. They were close together and I suppose when one went the other couldn't bear living. The home was mine and I reserved a part for myself and rented the rest. My friend came at night sometimes. He was always worried and I knew he had been juggling money and was afraid he was about to be caught. He juggled plenty every time he managed a fund campaign. But I got no money from him. That wasn't a part of our agreement. You may say I'm not representing facts when I tell you I did finally get some money from him in an unexpected way. He didn't know anything about it.

The man put me wise to a business and loaned me money to get started. It is the most legitimate con game I ever heard of and I can call it what it is because the law can't. You simply get sucker lists on different things and then get the suckers to bite again. My first was a depilatory. Everything legal. The suckers had had permanent removals of superfluous hair several times. I thought they'd surely never bite again. And all I did was to get a druggist to make up some depilatory powders, an agency to write the advertising, a lawyer to look it over and see it was legal, and I sold nine out of 10 on the list. I then sold the list.

The next was a stomach remedy. Sucker lists for that were cheap and the same people had bought several different remedies. I got my remedy from a druggist and sold five out of 10 of the suckers. Then it was one thing after another. The money I had from my friend was the money I'd borrowed and hadn't paid and that nobody knew about when he evidently was bumped off one night on his way back from a town where he'd gone to bring in the funds for a campaign of some kind. Two cars were wrecked and he was killed in one of them. Whoever it was in the other car must have planned it deliberately. It looked like they released the car down a steep side-road hill just in time to give him a broadside slam, took the money and left in another car. And I almost decided to go with him that night.

Now I'm an angel at home but I operate business away from home and I know where to go to the toughest joints in the U.S.A. where I can have my sex desires in the rough, can be beaten but not bruised where it will show, can urinate on and be urinated on, and can spit urine into the teeth of guys who love it that way. When I think of psychiatrists who can always find neurotic people (if they aren't that they are some other kind of bugs in the psychiatrist's jargon) and sexologists who always find sex freaks and people with sexual quirks, and doctors and teachers and preachers and priests I some-

times wish I could take them and teach them and show them a few things. Most of them couldn't smell the things they're looking for or curing or cursing or condemning if those things were right under their noses. It's about the same with detectives, criminologists, penologists and a lot of others. I read a thick book on abnormal psychology once and the guy who wrote that almost discovered the truth. I'd like to read a genuinely good book on abnormal sociology, and I'd pay a price for a truthful book on abnormal religion.

I'm not asking you what's the matter with me. As far as I'm concerned there's nothing wrong. It isn't in me to do a real crime or to hurt anyone unless forced or in self-defense.

I'm just thinking that somebody ought to tell a doctor who writes something and in doing it tries to give humanity itself a break all because maybe he's human and knows humanity isn't perfect. And you can tell this to the world any time you like. The public should have a whole apple lots of times instead of the half it gets—and the wrong half at that. My conduct, I admit, isn't the best. It isn't the worst. Good people who think I'm dirty and maybe a little crooked commit serious crimes. I don't know any more than anyone else knows about himself what I'll some day do but I don't think I'll ever commit a real crime against humanity. It could be that I, myself, may come to a violent end. One man recently told me he has lived a little more than 90 years about the same as I am living now. He's pert and happy, has never done anyone harm, and hasn't been killed, and he tells me that he can take a pretty good love beating at his age. He's been experimenting for years trying to make perfume of urine and thinks if the finest can be made from musk he may succeed if he lives long enough.

As I said, my life isn't the best. It isn't the worst.

Comment

People of integrity who read this will not gain the idea that there is such a person on every street, in every city block or around the corner. There doubtless are few people of this kind in existence. We should know about these and other eccentricities because they are of social importance. Knowledge can lead us a long way from snap judgments when there happens to be an unusual occurrence within our social sphere or for that matter right in the community in which we live. I've personally learned of practices of various kinds which were more extreme than those described in this correspondent's letter. Two letters on my mail today decried sexual ignorance, depicted practices more extreme than those described and displayed almost inexcusable ignorance of sexual matters.

Conclusion

The undinist often lives in a world to himself. The majority of people will admit to any sexual practice before they'll admit some of the common practices of undinism. I can but think, however, that were it possible to make a most thorough investigation, we would learn that mankind always has been more undinistic than people unaware of facts are capable of believing.

29 BOOKS BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

I have sent to press nine books containing writings by Robert G. Ingersoll. This means that the list of Ingersoll lectures, debates, articles, etc., below constitutes the most complete shelf of Ingersoll pamphlets now available anywhere in the world. I have kept my promise to make the major works of the great Agnostic available. The new reprints of Ingersoll's books are as follows:

65 *Press Interviews With Robert G. Ingersoll.* What the great Agnostic told numerous newspaper reporters during a quarter-century of public appearances as a Freethinker and enemy of superstition. 85,000 words. $1.

My Reviewers Reviewed. A reply to various clergymen who had criticized Ingersoll's lectures on Freethought. 50c.

The Enemies of Individuality and Mental Freedom. A lecture on why the church hates thinkers. 25c.

Debates With the Clergy. Replies to numerous questions raised by ministers in defense of their religion. 50c.

What Must We Do to be Saved? A study of the Christian religion, its creeds, and its sacred book. 35c.

A Christmas Sermon. This booklet includes the controversy the Ingersoll sermon aroused. 35c.

What Can You Believe In the Bible? A critical examination of the Scriptures. 85,000 words. $1.

Arguments In Support of Suicide. Instead of being cowardly, self-destruction can be manly and noble, Ingersoll argues in this booklet. 60c.

I'm particularly proud of a new Ingersoll title added recently, as follows:

Christ and the Colonel. The Wisdom of Jesus and the Wisdom of Ingersoll Compared. 90,000 words. $1.

In addition to the above, I have published the following Ingersoll titles:

Vindication of Thomas Paine. 10c.
Rome or Reason. A debate. 10c.
Controversy on Christianity. 10c.
The Gods. 10c.
61 Reasons for Doubting the Bible. 10c
Life-Story of Robert G. Ingersoll. 35c
The Foundations of Faith. A critica examination of the Old Testament. 25c.
Liberty of Man, Woman and Child. 25c
Truth; The Ghosts. Two lectures. 25c.
What Great Infidels Have Done to Advance Civilization. 25c.
Essays by an Agnostic and Criticisms by a Skeptic. 25c.
The Truth About the Holy Bible. 25c
Mistakes of Moses. 75c.
The Crime of Superstition. 25c.
Which Way to a Free World? Difference between natural and supernatural with reasons why former is better way to go. 25c.
Reasons Why I Am a Freethinker.25c.
Death-Blows at Orthodoxy. 25c.
Trial of Reynolds for Blasphemy. 25c.
Faith or Agnosticism? Debate. 25c.
Shakespeare—World's Greatest Genius. 25c.
The Career of Ingersoll: Great Agnostic. By Joseph McCabe 10c.

Ingersoll's works are needed as an antidote against the poisons pouring from radio preachers. To listen to the Men of God over the radio any Sunday, one would imagine that the world's great thinkers have done nothing to expose the superstitions, bigotry and ignorance of the Fundamentalists. Radio religionists give the impression that the intellectual world has left their gigantic guesses and assumptions untouched. That's why we say that the world needs Ingersoll's lectures and essays today more than ever before.

In all, 29 Ingersoll titles are listed above. If bought singly, they would cost $10.40. However, if you will order the ENTIRE SET OF 29 INGERSOLL BOOKS listed in this announcement you will be permitted to buy them for only $7.70, which, represents a large saving.

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, GIRARD, KANSAS

He denounced people's pet notions and made them like it

$2 ASTOUNDING BARGAIN! Best Liberal Reading 1,157 Pages, 300,000 Words—Almost Two Pounds for $2.00! (Plus 25c for packing, handling, and carriage)

Here are books that will startle you into new lines of thought! A handy pocket library of books of liberal viewpoint! The whole set $2, plus 25c for carriage, etc.

Works of
CLARENCE DARROW
18 THRILLING SECTIONS---27 TITLES

How Voltaire Fooled Priest and King
The Skeleton in the Closet. Famous Lecture
Essay on Walt Whitman
Essay on John P. Altgeld
Realism in Literature and Art
Essay on Robert Burns
Essay on Geo. Burman Foster Sundays
Insects and Men: Instinct and Reason
Some Paragraphs Addressed to Socialists
Is Prohibition Right? Debate vs. John Haynes Holmes
Is Life Worth Living? Debate vs Frederick Starr
Is the Human Race Getting Anywhere? Debate vs. Frederic Starr
Facing Life Fearlessly. Courageous Philosophy of Life
Lord's Day Alliance. Debunking "Blue"
Is Capital Punishment Justified? Debate vs. Judge Talley
The Ordeal of Prohibition
The Edwardses and the Jukeses. Question of Heredity
Are We Machines? Debate vs. Dr. Will Durant
Can the Individual Control His Conduct? Debate vs. Professor Smith
Dry-Law Pro and Con. Debate vs Wayne B. Wheeler
Do Human Beings Have Free Will? Debate vs. Professor Foster
Resist Not Evil. Discussion of Non-resistance
An Eye for an Eye. Complete Novel
Plea in Defense of Loeb and Leopold, the Boy Murderers
Darrow vs. Bryan in the Famous Scopes Anti-Evolution Case
The Defense of a Negro. Famous Dr. Sweet Case in Detroit
A Day with Clarence Darrow

ALL YOURS FOR $2

This is unquestionably a great bargain—and consider the value of Darrow's writings.

SEND $2 WITH THIS BLANK

Haldeman-Julius Publications
Girard, Kansas

I enclose $2. Send me WORKS OF DARROW, 18 sections, 27 titles, plus 25c if parcel is to be shipped prepaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....